HIS MOTHER'S GIFT.

His Sentiment Did Not Reach One Hundred Per Cent. Profit.

(Detroit Free Press.)

He came up to me at Broadway and Thirty-fourth streets one evening, and asked me if I knew of a pawnshop in the neighborhood. I told him I thought there was one only two blocks away, and he wiped a tear from his eye and pointed to a parcel under his arm and said:

"It is my mother's gift—a bible—the last thing left to me to raise money on. Yes, mother placed this book in my hands as I started out in life, fifteen years ago, and hoped I always would be guided by its noble precepts."

"And now you must pawn it?" I asked.

"I must. It's the only thing I have left and I must eat and sleep. I cannot tell you how it wrings my heart to have this gift go into the hands of a pawnbroker. If I could only meet a gentleman——"

"A gentleman who'd advance you $1 on the book and hold it for you?"

"That's it—that's it!" he cheerfully exclaimed. "Yes, if he'd advance me $1 on it I could start out in life anew and in a week I could pay the debt and have my relic back. You appear to be a kind-hearted man?"

"Yes, I am."

"And you don't want to see my mother's gift go to a pawnshop?"

"No."

"And you will advance me $1 on it?"

"Not much! I'm looking around for a policeman to give you the dollar. That trick has been played on me three times, and I am getting tired of paying $1 for a 50-cent Bible."

"Sir!" exclaimed the man, as he began to back away; "it is evident that you do not reverence your mother."

"Not in that shape—no."

"And you have no love for the good book!"

"Not at 100 per cent profit."

"And sentiment, sir—you have no sentiment, and you are a bad man, sir, and if I ever catch you on a side street I'll put a head on you and send you to the hospital for a week!"

The Date for the Wedding.

Mrs. Swayback sighed when her daughter told her that Mr. Trivvet had asked her to be his wife and that she had become engaged.

"I suppose I ought not to feel badly about it," Mrs. Swayback added, wiping away a tear with the corner of her apron. "It is woman's destiny to be married. I left the home of my happy girlhood to become Mrs. Swayback, and now you must leave to become Mrs. Trivvet. Still, I cannot help feeling my loss very deeply. A mother can never lose her daughter with indifference, she can never give her up—not even to the best man in the world—without deep reluctance."

By this time Mrs. Swayback was sobbing violently and her daughter was trying to comfort her.

"I shall come to see you often, mother, darling," she said.

"Of course, you will, but it is a great trial to part with you, my child. You must not mind your fond mother's crying a bit over it."

"Dry your eyes, mother. I'm sure you couldn't desire a finer young man than Mr. Trivvet for a son-in-law, and of course you expected me to get married some time."

Mrs. Swayback's sobs broke out afresh, and for a time she refused to be comforted. Then she applied a handkerchief vigorously to her eyes and asked:

"When is the wedding to be?"

"In about six months, mamma, dear."

"Six months!" exclaimed Mrs. Swayback. What on earth does the procrastinator mean by putting it off that long? Mary Ann, I don't believe he intends to marry you at all, so I don't! If he did, he'd insist on having the wedding come off inside of six weeks at the farthest."—Judge.

Owned the Fly.

It was on the westbound express over the Michigan Central the other afternoon. A fat man, who had been complaining of the heat, dust, rate of progress and many other things, finally decided to take a nap. Before getting settled down and closing his eyes he was seen by those nearest him to take an artificial fly from his vest pocket and place it on his nose, but it was a quarter of an hour before it attracted attention. Then a woman looked back and noticed it and said to her husband:

"Samuel, do you see that? You had better go and brush that fly off that poor man's nose. It's a wonder he can sleep with it, but I s'pose he's tired out."

"Yes, I guess I'll do that much for him," replied the man, and he rose up and went back. The fly was quiet, and he advanced his thumb and finger and carefully picked it off and dropped it on the floor.

"Wha-what is it?" asked the baldheaded man, as he roused up.

"A fly on your nose, sir."

"A fly, eh? Where is it? Ah! I see."

He flicked it up and replaced it on his nose and said:

"Sir, I would thank you to mind your own business. This is my fly. I bought him for ten cents. Attend to your own fly and I will to mine."

He leaned back for another nap, and after looking at him in a bewildered way for half a minute the farmer returned to his wife.

"What is it, Samuel?" she asked.

"Nuthin', nuthin', 'cept if I had that feller down in our tamarack swamp I'd maul him till he couldn't breathe fur makin' a fool of me."—Detroit Free Press.

Money No Object.

The Chicago man had gone on a business trip and started home again. He had been compelled to run through several streets to catch the train, and was somewhat overheated. The temperature of the long car was over 100 degrees and still climbing. He stood it for about five minutes, and then tried to open the window. It was one of those windows not built for opening purposes, and didn't open. He tried another window with the same result. The third window stuck equally tight, and he raised his foot and kicked a large hole through the phlate glass.

The conductor heard the crash and came running into the car.

"Who broke that window?" he demanded, threateningly.

"I did," said the man.

"Well, sir, I'm afraid it will cost you five dollars."

"Here it is," said the other, handing him a ten-dollar bill.

"I—I haven't change for that," said the conductor.

"Never mind the change," said the Chicago man. "Keep it."

He raised his foot again, kicked out another window, took a newspaper out of his pocket, sat down and went on reading as if nothing had happened.

Final Best Hand.

"I was in the hotel of a little New England village," said Theodore Sutro, when he and a party of friends were exchanging stories in an up-town hotel. "About a table sat three strangers who had started a friendly game of poker by roping in the usual country jay. After an hour's play they had fleeced their victim to the tune of $40. He was good natured and did not growl, and so the game was continued.

"The scoundrels showed no mercy. They did not let the victim win even a few dollars to encourage him, but either booked the cards or else whipsawed him, until he was forced to drop.

"Forty dollars had swelled to $50, and at the last pot the country jay was $65 loser.

"'Have you had enough?' asked the leader of the gang, rising with a smile—and his winnings.

"The jay looked angry, and quietly drawing a revolver from his pocket, said:

"'Gentlemen, I am one of the selectmen of this town. You may consider yourselves under arrest.'

"The gang, awestruck, was led to the lock-up, where it rested for the night.

"On the following morning they were brought before the selectman. The constable had searched them and had placed the contents of their pockets on the table.

"'Gentlemen, you are charged with gambling and with obtaining money by fraud. What have you to say?'

"They had few remarks to make. The sentence interested them more—a fine of $50 each or thirty days in the county jail. They paid the fines and the money went to the State—or to the selectman. Next morning the jay bought a new set of chips."—New York Press.

THEY DIDN'T FIGHT.

The Thin Man Wanted to Clear Up a Mistake.

On a Third avenue car the other day was tall, thin man with a satchel, who was going over to Brooklyn, and right opposite him sat a short, fat man, chewing gum and reading a paper, says the Detroit Free Press. It was quite a few minutes before the tall thin man caught sight of the other, but when he did he leaned forward and inquired:

"Hain't you the feller I met at Albany last fall—feller who got mad because I stepped on his toes, and said he could lick me in two minutes?"

"I never saw you before, sir," replied the other, with a good deal of dignity.

"Then you hain't the feller."

"No, sir."

"Mebbe I'm mistaken, but I can't hardly believe it. He was short and fat, same as you are—had a bald head and was bow-legged—and he chewed gum all the time he was sassin me."

"Are you talking to me, sir?" shouted the fat man, as he sprung up with clinched fists.

"Yes, sir; I am. If you hain't the feller then it's all right, but if you are—"

"Didn't I say I never saw you before?" shouted the fat man.

"Yes, you did, but you look jes like the feller who said he could lick me with one hand tied to his leg. If you hain't the feller——"

"Of course I'm not the man! Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, I never insult nobody. Ar' you chawin' gum or slippery elm?"

"None of your business, sir! If you insult me further I'll knock the head off your shoulders!"

"Nobody intends to insult you. I say you look like the feller."

"And I say you are a liar!"

The guard drove him off, but I followed and sat down beside him and asked:

"If he is the man what did you want to say or do to him?"

"If he's the man who said he could lick me in two minutes?"

"Yes."

"Well, I jest wanted to say that he was mistaken. I've had some different fights and been licked every time, but it allus took from four to seven minutes to do it, and it wouuld take him plump ten, or I'll never eat any more pumpkin pie!"

Dead Easy.

Before the eyes of the doomed man the fatal knife is tested. At a mere touch it swiftly descends.

The victim cannot forbear to shudder.

"You take life all-fired easy," he mutters, hoarsely.

The executioner presses his hand to his brow. Luckily he has placed a cabbage leaf in his hat to protect him from a sudden rush of blood to the head.—Detroit Free Press.

Trouble in the Dime Museum.

Manager—What's all this infernal noise about?

Factotum—Please, sir, th' two-headed girl is a-quarrelin' wid herself.—Judge.

COULDN'T BE UNGENTLEMANLY.

So the Protected Passenger Got Through All Right.

The other morning a conductor on the Southern Pacific train found that one of the passengers had a bad ticket and thus could not ride upon it. Unfortunately for the woman, she had no money, nor had the mother, with whom she was traveling. The conductor insisted upon one or the other, and when he made his requests urgent the young lady retreated to the sleeper, where she and her mother, covering up under the quilts, said they would not surrender.

"And I am here to protect her," said the mother in a very defiant way, thrusting her head out of the curtains.

"But, madam, the company must have some compensation for your daughter's traveling on its trains. She has no ticket, and if you have the money you won't pay it."

"Well, that ticket was a good ticket, and if you won't take it you will have to do without."

"You can get off at the next station and buy your daughter another ticket," said the conductor.

"No. I won't do that, either, I tell you."

"Well, then, I must have the money," said the conductor, making toward the couple. Instantly the curtains were closed tight, and the young lady, all bundled up under the covering in the compartment, cried out that the conductor must have an awful hard heart to treat her so ungentlemanly.

VERY FUNNY AND POINTED.

Mr. Funnybone—I want a masquerade suit with some point to it—something funny.

Costumer—I see. Just sit down a moment.

!!!***!!!

A DELICATE TASTE.

Shorter Grubb—I wish yer would help me, ma'am. Me ole pal died yesterday, an'——

Mrs. Easy Fruit—What killed him?

Shorter Grubb—He tried ter eat tur key widout cranberry sauce.

GRAVEYARD LITERATURE.

Solemn Subjects That You Can't Help Laughing at.

Let's talk of worms and graves and epitaphs.

The country churches and church yards possess a beauty and a charm peculiarly their own. The churches themselves are quaint and curious, yet the reflective mind finds more to interest and entertain, even if not to instruct, in the quiet "God's acres," where the noble and the yeoman, the lord and his tenant, sleep side by side. The literature of these silent retreats is well worth studying, some of it difficult to decipher, so old and moss covered are the stones on which it is carved. It is at times pathetic, at times amusing, but always quaint. What, for instance, could be more unique than the following, which may be found in a church yard at Llanfiantwthyl, Wales:

Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
Who blew the bellows of our church organ.
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling.
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Though he made our old organ give many a blast.
No puffer was he, though a capital blower;
He could fill double G, and now lies a note lower.

And the vicissitudes of a long life are tersely set forth in the following epitaph, copied from a tombstone in Lincolnshire, England:

Beneath this stone, in sound repose,
Lies William Rich, of Lydeard close;
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five;
Of great grandchildren five times four;
Rich born, rich bred, yet fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse;
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the tenth, aged ninety-four.

Sometimes a composer of the inscription seeks to impart a profound moral lesson, as witness the following, which may be read upon the tomb of Dr. Samuel Rutter, once Dean of Litchfield, and later Bishop of Sodor and Man. It is at St. Germain's, in the Isle of Man. The original is in Latin, but the following is a fairly good translation:

In this house,
which I have borrowed from
my brethren, the worms,
lie I,
Samuel, by divine permission,
Bishop of this Island.
Stop, reader,
behold, and smile at
THE PALACE OF A BISHOP!
who died May 30,
1653.

The advocates of temperance may find encouragement in the following "voice from the tomb" in Thetford churchyard, in Norfolk:

My grandfather lies buried here,
My cousin Jane and two uncles dear;
My father perished with inflammation
In his eyes;
My sister droped down dead
In the Minories,
But the reason why I'm here interred,
According to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking,
Therefore, good people, if you wish to live long
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin
Or anything strong.

A follower of Aesculapius lies buried in Hanton churchyard, Middlesex. That he was familiar with other liquids than those which he carried in his medicine chest may be inferred from these lines carved on his tombstone, which run thus:

ON THOMAS CROSSFIELD, M. D.

Beneath this stone Tom Crossfield lies,
Who cares not now who laughs or cries.
He laughed when sober and when mellow
Was a harum-scarum, harmless fellow;
He gave to none designed offense,
So "Honi soit, qui mal y pense."

In Chiswick churchyard is buried the great painter, William Hogarth. His epitaph was written by David Garrick:

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay:
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

A rather cheap attempt at punning may be read in Selby churchyard, York, where is the grave of one Miles:

This tombstone is a milestone;
Hah, how so?
Because beneath lies Miles,
Who's miles below.

Another in the same vein is in St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London:

Here lies one Moore, and no more than he;
One Moore, and no more; how can that be?
Why one Moore and no more may well lie here alone;
But here lies one Moore, and that's more than one.

In St. Michael's churchyard, Aberystwith, is another, though of a somewhat higher order. It is on the stone above the grave of David Davis, who in life was a blacksmith:

My Sledge and Hammer lay reclined;
My Bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are Drove—my work is done.

One of the local histories of Cornwall is authority for the following:

Father and Mother and I
Lies buried here as under;
Father and Mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder.

For brevity, the following copied from St. Michael's churchyard, Crooked Lane, London, can scarcely be excelled:

Here lieth wrapped in clay,
The body of William Wray—
I have no more to say.

Lord Byron's wit may be seen in the following epitaph on the tombstone of a man who had been a carrier at Southwell:

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier, who carried the can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last.
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.

The Constable's Perquisite.

A marriage took place in the office of a well-known justice of the peace a few days ago that, while a most impressive ceremony to the contracting parties, had a very humorous side for the spectators. The couple were evidently from the rural districts and were both seemingly covered with confusion at their having to stand up before the four or five present. After the form had been read, the blushing pair standing hand in hand, the magistrate announced in a serious tone that, as it was the custom for the constable to kiss the bride, she would prepare herself for the osculation.

The constable stepped boldly out, and, being a good-looking young fellow, the young woman seemed not averse to being kissed. All doubts of the propriety of the act were soon set at rest, for the husky groom stepped before her with an air of determination upon his face that showed it was life and death to him. He gave his hands an imaginary washing and said:

"Squire, this yere lady b'longs to me now, an' what she did afore I took her ain't my business, but if this constable is willin' I'll give him a dollar and call it off."

"The server of writs signified his assent and the jealous countryman paid the amount, which found its way over the bar of the nearest saloon a few minutes after the newly-married pair departed.—Columbus Dispatch.

An Explanation.

"I never heard of such tyranny!" exclaimed the South American patriot. "I won't submit to it a moment longer. I will resist to the last——"

"Whom will you resist?" sharply inquired his wife, who had caught only the last few words.

"Oh, not you, my dear! I was only talking about the government."—Puck.

SEVERAL JOKES.

In a village smithy in the north of Aberdeenshire a few worthies had forgathered, and the discussion on "a man loving his second wife" was touched upon. "Nyod Smith," said Hillies, "you sud be weel able to gie an opinion of that subject. Ye've haen fower wives. Which o' them a' did ye like best?"

"Weel, Hillies, I ha'e nae qualms o' conscience in answerin' that question. I aye liket the livin' one best."—Dundee News.

Medium, in a tone with ice down its back—Madame, the spirit of your dead husband wishes to converse with you.

The Widow Hennypeck—Huh! If he hasn't any more spirit now than he had when he was alive, it isn't worth paying attention to.—Puck.

"Please, mister, won't you gimme a nickel?"

"My poor boy, are you very hungry?"

"No, sir; but me daddy's awful t'oisty."—Fliegende Blaetter.

He—I am so afraid your father will object.

She—Don't worry. Papa hasn't much influence in this family.—New York Weekly.

A question in geography—Are the Scottish lochs fitted with quays?—Boston Transcript.

Man—No, sir; I won't give you a single penny. I work for my money.

Tramp—Excuse me; I haven't any use for money that is secured by such means.—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Quizzer—Do you believe all the disagreeable things you read in the newspapers?

Miss Buzbuz—I do if they're about people I know.—Roxbury Gazette.

In de Fall o' de Year.

Now de frost it am a-comin'
For to ripen hick'ry nuts,
An' de crowin' of de rooster I can hear,
An' de juicy turkey gobbler
All aroun' de barnyard struts.
He'll be missin' in de fall o' de year.

(Chorus.)

In de fall o' de year, in de fall o' de year,
De 'possum an' de sweet potater's gwi'en to appear.
Fall o' de year, fall o' de year,
It's a hebben for de darky
In de fall o' de year.

Dere's de sugar an' de 'lasses,
Just a-growin' in de cane,
An' de cuttin' an' de boilin' it am near;
An' de yello', plump persimmons
On de trees along de lane,
Dey'll be ripenin' in de fall o' de year.

(Chorus.)

De groun' hog an' de rabbit
Dey are fattenin' side by side,
An' de cider's in de jug a-gittin' clear,
An' de pheasants am a-sneakin'
To de thickets fer to hide
From de darkey in de fall o' de year.

(Chorus.)

—S. E.

POTPOURRI.

Tramp—Got any fruit, lady, that you want canned?

Lady of the House—Yes, I have; there's two bushels of peaches in the kitchen.

Tramp—Well, if you'll let me eat about a peck of them, lady, you will have that much less work to do.—Detroit Free Press.

Wife—Shall I put your diamond studs in your shirt, dear?

Husband—What on earth are you thinking of? Do you want to ruin me? I have a meeting with my creditors this morning—Texas Siftings.

Papa—Are you sorry you hit Wilbur?

Bobby—Yes, papa, and he is sorry, too.—Harper's Round Table.

A. D. T. Boy 137—Las' night I dreamed I wuz in heaven.

A. D. T. Boy 713—Wuz dere any messenger boys dere?

A. D. T. Boy 137—Nah, not yet; but I wuz tole dere wuz sev'ral on de way.—New York Truth.

"How vain you are, Effie! Looking at yourself in the glass."

"Vain, Aunt Emma! Me vain? Why, I don't think myself half as good looking as I really am."—Punch.

"My dear, darling, sweet papa, you will have a telephone put in the house, won't you?"

"But why, my dear?"

"Oh, you see, papa, my Oscar is so dreadfully shy. Perhaps he would speak to you through a telephone."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Laura—The idea! Here is a doctor who says that yawning will remove that annoying buzzing in one's ears.

Flora—It is true. The other night, after young Mr. Jones had been talking steadily to me for three hours, I yawned twice and he went home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Shouting in church during a revival is one thing, and paying the preacher in chips and whetstones is another—Rani's Horn.

Mistress (midnight)—I don't intend to come downstairs to let you in this time of night again.

Girl (reassuringly)—You won't have to.

Couldn't Believe It.

"Who was George Washington, papa?" said a little Pittsburger, who had heard of the father of his country for the first time.

"He was a boy who couldn't tell a lie!" replied the papa, impressively.

"Was he born dumb, papa?" was the next question.—Harlem Life.

An Authority.

Hungerford—Do you believe, doctor, that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days?

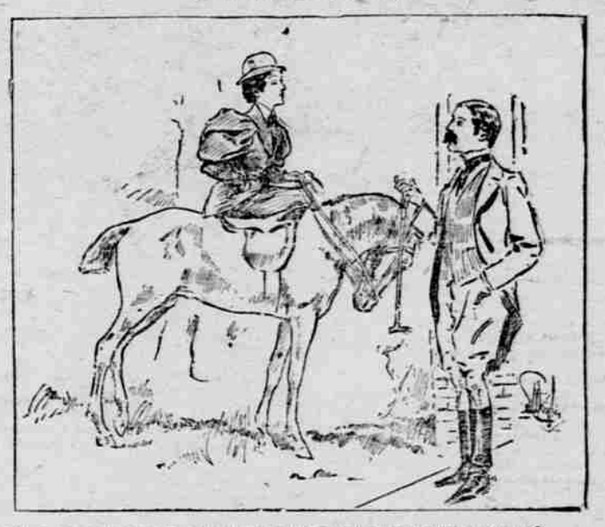
Dr. Powell—I know that it does. I tried to stop once and the days were about ninety hours long.—Chicago Tribune.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

She—I hear that the buggy overturned while you were out driving with Miss Flash last night.

He—Yes, it upset all my plans.

A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR.



What are you going to give your bro ther Jack for a birthday present?

Oh, nothing much. Jack's forgiving, not forgetting.

A GOOD SYMPTOM.

Doctor—Does your father seem better to-day, Johnnie?

Johnnie—I think he is. Heard him cussin' mom dis mornin'.

GRASSHOPPERS ATTACK A MAN.

Brazilian Insects Equal in Power to a Western Highwayman.

"Speaking of grasshoppers," said the man with the yaller whiskers, "but were any of you gentlemen ever in Brasil?"

None of them could remember that they ever were, and he continued:

"We know nothing of grasshoppers in this country. In Brazil, when you speak of grasshoppers, women will shudder and men turn pale. I was never in Brazil myself, but I had a brother who lived there for five years and who told me about grasshoppers. My brother was rather vain and conceited, but he wouldn't lie.

"The first time he was attacked by them was one morning as he was walking in his garden. Without the slightest warning three grasshoppers sprang upon him and knocked him down, and if his screams had not brought immediate assistance, he would have been killed on the spot. As it was, he was laid up for a week.

"After this attack, he began to inquire around and post himself on the habits of the grasshopper, and when the next adventure came he was prepared for it. He was riding along the highway, when a full-grown grasshopper sprang upon the horse behind him and sought to fasten its fangs in his neck. Before it could do so, however, he drew his pistol and turned and shot it through the heart. He sent me some of its claws, and I have them yet.

"The third time he was attacked he came within an ace of losing his life. He was walking over his coffee plantation one day and encountered a poisonous snake and started to kill it.—While thus engaged a grasshopper sprang upon him from the limb of a tree. My brother was knocked down and rolled into a ditch with three feet of water in it. By a lucky move he got the insect by the throat and forced its head under the water and held it there until life was extinct. It was a close shave, though. My brother had to be carried home and it was several weeks before he was able to get out of bed. He bore the scars of that conflict to his grave."—Detroit Free Press.

One on the Alderman.

Not long ago a workingman, somewhat the worse for over-indulgence in the cup that cheers, came into a down-town saloon and gruffly demanded a drink of whisky. When the barkeeper commented upon his already complete condition and refused to give him what he wanted he commenced arguing in a loud, drunken voice, every now and then throwing in a number of threats strengthened with oaths. He became very noisy, so much so that one of our city aldermen, who was sitting at a table taking his beer—for aldermen, like less favored people, sometimes get thirsty—jumped up, and, going over to the drunken man, said with all the dignity befitting his official position:

"Look here, fellow, you'll have to stop this row."

"He seemed to awe the man leaning against the bar by his presence for the time being, but after mumbling awhile the drunken fellow said: "But he won't give me a drink, don't yer see?"

"That's not the question; you'll either have to be quiet, or I shall kick you out of the place."

"You will, will you?" said the workingman, who had recovered his drunken bravado. "Well, who in the dickens are you, anyhow?"

"I'm an alderman, a magistrate of the law, sir," the justice replied, drawing himself up to his full height, with much added dignity.

The drunken man eyed him from head to foot in seeming disgust. Then, attempting to stand erect, he said in a tone equally as dignified: "Well, I'm a bricklayer."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Great Financial Question in Kentucky.

Senator Henry Dixon, who is now the governor's private secretary, is usually mild mannered, but terrible when aroused. The other day a venerable man cornered him in his office and talked to him about the "money question" for an hour. When Dixon's visitor finally passed out of the door Dixon motioned to Bob Banner, the ancient janitor of the governor's office, and Bob went trembling over to Mr. Dixon, the strange look of whose eye frightened him. Here's the conversation that ensued:

"Bob, if I kill a man in here any time soon, I want you to swear that you saw him start at me with a dirk knife and that I killed him in self-defense. Will you do it?"

"I will, Mr. Henry," answered Bob, afraid not to promise while the secretary looked so terrible.

"Don't forget," hissed Dixon, "for I will murder the next man that comes here to talk silver or the tariff and do it in cold blood."

At that moment a man came out of the governor's private office, closely followed by the executive. The latter heard Dixon's last words to Bob.

"That's all right, Henry," the governor said, "and if you are convicted, in spite of the testimony, I'll pardon you. That man going out has been discussing the money question with me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Time Had Come.

Evening had come. Father and daughter sat facing each other, and both were busy with their thoughts. After a long interval of silence the daughter rose to leave the room, and the father looked up and queried:

"Fanny, are you going out?"

"For about fifteen minutes, father. You will not be lonely."

"I feel sad to-night."

"Yes, father, and I know why. We spent July in the mountains at a cost of $500. We put in a week at four different hotels, but, alas! there was no show for me. The only eligible young man I met was engaged to his seventeenth. Then we returned and put in a month at the seashore. It wasn't quite as bad there, but every young man was waiting to see how the times would turn out. We were out another $500, and have nothing to show for it."

"True, my daughter, very true. Under the circumstances, however——"

"You cannot blame me; but business has revived at last."

"Yes, at last."

"And your daughter Fanny will now proceed to hustle. Sit right still for about fifteen minutes, father, and I will return with a young man, and you can give us your paternal blessing. All I've been waiting for was a boom in business and a fair show. It has come. I'll be engaged before 10 o'clock, married within a month, and by next spring confidence will be fully restored and the country whooping her up for all she's worth!"—Detroit Free Press.

Not What He Expected.

Sweetheart, thou hast a knowing look—
I see it in thine eyes;
Thy manner, too, is tender, shy,
And full of sweet surprise.
I think that I'll propose to-day,
During the luncheon hour;
Our Wall street office I'll transform
Into a lover's bower.

Yes, I'll propose. I don't just know
How Dad will take it all
When he finds out I'm going to wed
His typewriter this fall;
But hit or miss, I'll tell thee all
My heart's delight this day;
And then, what shall we care, dear love,
What all the world may say?

"Dearest, I love thee—only thee!
Can'st see it in my face?
I plead that thou shalt be my wife
And leave this toilsome place;
Together we'll elope and spin
Across to London town;
And then what shall we care, sweet love,
For any smile or frown?

"Quick, dearest! Tell me; say the word.
What? Why dost shrink and blush?
You startle me. Oh, Maud, please don't!
One frown of thine will crush.
Thou can'st not love me? Well, why not?
Quick! What is that?" * * * Oh, bother!
She says she'll be a ma to me;
She's going to marry my father.
—New York World.

The Worst of the Best.

If all we knew were good and true,
How radiant would be life's glories;
And yet we'd miss, 'twixt me and you,
Some mighty entertaining stories.
—Detroit Free Press.